THE TRIBUNE.

THE TRIBUNE PRTG. CO. Publishers.
D. W. MAJOR, Editor.
MONTGOMERY, : MISSOURI.

RECALLED BY THE MINUTE GUN

Sitting within the twilight gloom
Whose gray webs drape my darkening room,
I hear afar a cannon boom;

A minute-gun beyond the bar,
Where white-maned waves and chaos are,
With clouds above and not a star.

And on that sound floats back to me
Another night far out at sea,
With grim Death facing you and me.

The wrack of low-flung leaden clouds,
The wail of wild winds through the shrouds,
And frightened folk in shivering crowds.

When every wave our vessel heeled,
And every timber racked and reeled
As near and drear deep thunder pealed.

The life-boats splintered one by one,
The last hope from them gulfed and gone,
Death's white-maned coursers charging on.

I see your dear lips move in prayer,
Like silvered seaweed seems your hair,
Never your face more fond nor fair.

And then the close clasp of your arms
Which tightened with new-born alarms,
When Death could not abate your charms.

Then hours afloat upon a spar
Where white-faced corpses floating are,
Amid the breakers on the bar.

All limned again on storm clouds dun
Which quenched the gladness of the sun,
Awakened by that minute gun.

But through the darkness of the place
Shines forth the fondness of your face,
Your loving eyes and matchless grace,

And, safe mid storm and lightning's brand,
While peril broods o'er sea and land,
Warm touch of loving lips and hand.
—I Edgar Jones.

An Example in Addition.

BY MARIA WEED.

(Reprinted from the Ladies' World by special permission.)

IT was Sabbath night and Lisher and me was seated by the fireplace in the sittin'-room. Neither of us spoke, for we was thinkin' that jest 26 years ago we was married; that another anniversary was hurryin' on to join those already counted; that life's clock was strikin' another hour for us.

We've had our share of the "ups and downs" of this world, but our love has been of the sort to stand "wear and tear," so I don't mind sayin' that we've had to do with considerable of the latter.

I believe in submission when it ain't carried too far by either party.

Overrulin' is injurious, and those who are indulged in it never know when they have become tyrannical or headstrong, so of course the yieldin' soul don't git credit for givin' in.

Lisher's manliness was what I first admired in him. Folks called him "set and stubborn, but generous and awful kind-hearted." He was tall and the strongest of them all, when it come to wrestlin' and sich like. So it has always been a real comfort to depend on him for support, and he hain't never failed to care for my smallest need.

Any woman of sense will learn by experience that continual objectin' weakens her influence in the home. Lisher often says that he thinks the world of my advice, but it's because of my agreein' with him so much. It wouldn't be worth nuthin' if I didn't. When I have to differ with him I jest come right out with my ideas and accept as my pay for the privilege such titles as "know-nothin'" and "poor weak woman!"

But I am divergin', and this Sunday night our hearts was tender and warmed by the sweet memories of that far away weddin'. As clearly as though days, not years, had come between, we recalled every sayin' and doin' of that occasion, the greatest day in our lives. Suddenly Lisher interrupted me with:

"Marthy, I've been thinkin' that I'd change the house a little—build on that 'lean-to' you've wanted so long, and a new kitchen."

"Oh, Lisher!" was all I could say.

"You'd like it, wouldn't you?"

"Like it? Why, I can't tell you how happy I am. It's so good of you!"

"Nonsense, you deserve it, for you've been a faithful wife to me, Marthy."

"When shall you begin?" I asked.

"Right away. I never wait when once I decide upon a thing."

So that's how we came to build, and from that time I never knew a moment's rest.

The furniture was packed in the front room, but the dust from the tearin' away of the old kitchen found a place to lodge everywhere; even the bureau drawers in the upstairs spare chamber did not protect my best linen. Indeed, nothin' escaped a coatin' of powdered lime.

The confusion, tumult and general disorder irritated Lisher. It was hard to keep him good-natured. The builders would start the work and then leave it for days to "hold on to another job." Rain delayed the masons, and really it seemed at last as though we would be thankful for anythin', almost wishin' we'd left well enough alone.

To add to our misery, Lisher's sister Mandy wrote us that she would visit us on her return from a missionary meetin' where she was to represent their town society as a delegate. The reduced railroad fare made this trip possible to her, so we could not write and ask her to wait a bit. I don't mean to give you the idee that they hain't always "room and to spare" in our home for his folks, but there comes times when it's handier than others to accommodate them.

I was frettin' over this very thing and my mind was on the point of "flyin'," when who should call me but Lisher, in the new buildin'.

"Marthy!"

"Yes!"

"Come here quick and decide where you want that pantry put. I think this is the best place for it," he continued as I appeared.

"There?"

"Why not?" frowning.

"It's too near the chimney, and I'd have to squeeze between the table and the stove to get to it. Why can't it be put over in that corner?"

"They's goin' to be a window there."

"And I don't want one there."

"I'm buildin' this house," he added, hotly.

"I'm livin' in it and doin' the work. If I had supposed that you would have arranged it in this way, I would have kept the old one. I want the window in the south for plants."

"It's goin' to be where I decide," were the last words I heard as I left the place and returned to my work.

Later, I heard his step in the dinin'-room and turned my back to the door, pretendin' to be busy, but it was really to hide my tear-stained eyes.

"That's all the thanks I get for tryin' to please you and spendin' my hard-earned money to make you happy," he began.

I said nothin'.

"It seems as though you grew harder to please each day."

The angry blood rushed to my cheeks as I replied:

"You asked my opinion about the pantry, though why you did I can't tell, since you won't allow me to plan or help in any way."

"I have no time for complaints," he muttered and walked away.

For days the hammerin' kept up, and the wheezy sound of the carpenter's saw broke the stillness of the place, but I did not once look into the new part.

Lisher would direct the men in commandin' tones to excite my curiosity, but though I longed to know what was goin' on in there, I stayed in the main buildin'.

Once he asked me which I liked best for finishin' kitchen—ceilin' or plaster? But I only said:

"What does it matter which I like? Suit yourself, as you are buildin' this house. When I thought it was for me, I took an interest in it, but since I am only to live in it like a servant might, I'll do my best to work without pay."

"A penny saved is a penny earned," he quoted kinder like he wanted to be generous.

"That's all right," says I, "still I hain't never heard of any man's estimatin' his wife's salary at the end of the year by this means; whatever it is, it goes into his pocket, without creditin' her with a cent of it."

"By cat! Marthy Maria, how you talk! It's awful hard on a man when he's done it all for you."

"All for me?" I sneered. "Why, Lisher Whithy, you don't know what you're sayin'. In the beginnin', I'll allow, you were thinkin' of my comfort in plannin' this addition; but since then you haven't let an idee except your own creep into it. If I submit and say it's all right, you'll never know how unjust and selfish you've been. There's just one thing I didn't promise at the altar, and that is, not to have an opinion. I won't give it up even for you. I am willin' to hear your arguments and be persuaded, when they are better than mine, but if I am to be a partner in this home I've got to have 'my say.'" Then I left him to ponder upon the subject.

I was just wretched. If I must submit, I would try to endure defeat and be patient. Meanwhile, that kitchen was nearly finished.

On all subjects except this one Lisher and me was perfectly docile and natural, but it was actually dangerous to our peace to even mention buildin'.

Next week but one Mandy was comin' and I made up my mind to get rid of this bitterness of heart and take possession of the new part. I could squeeze between the stove and the table if necessary, and I would not let the cupboard be a constant reminder of my menial or "no account" position in my own home.

If I had been firmer in maintainin' my smaller rights, in our early married life, it would have been easier for Lisher to give up now; but, somehow, I've always hated fusses.

Some folks say that God never made a useless thing. Perhaps when I see Him "face to face," He'll tell me why He gave me such a great mother heart and left me with empty arms through life, with nothin' to pet and spoil but Lisher.

Even in my darkest, lonesomest hour, no one could have made me believe that my husband was indifferent to me. True, men are apt to call a woman's objectin' frettin' (a word which is like a nettle to a nervous temperament).

It's a riddle as old as the sun, and one that hain't never been answered, why we are the most impatient with those we love best?

So I cheered up and sang about my work, and I could tell by Lisher's voice that he was tryin' to seem kind and thoughtful.

He even wanted me to have hired help for a spell to give me a chance to rest after settlin'.

"You're as likely a lookin' woman for your age as there is in these parts," he said to me at the supper-table, "and I don't want Mandy to think that I'm not careful of you."

We was to move in the next mornin', and he hadn't asked me to look at the new part. I had lost, but not without a desperate struggle. Once convinced that my will, my opinions and preferences were never to be considered, I could give up hopin' and train my shoulders (even if they was weak and tremblin') to carry the load. My proud spirit must bend to Lisher's, for I could not live without him.

After the chores were done he went to town, sayin' that he'd be back in an hour or two. He waved his hand to me as he drove through the big gate and I closed it after him.

The house seemed cheerless and the windows sort of stared at me as I walked up the lane, so I didn't go in, but sat on the side steps until the moon came up—it rose early at that time.

Soon the porch and the orchard was all bathed in its soft, comfortin', silvery light. It quieted the soul-ache within me—this heavenly peacefulness of nature.

I walked through the garden and stood under the protectin' arms of a great oak. Sinkin' down at its base, I leaned my weary head against the trunk. Its strength rested me. It would live grandly and tranquilly, unmoved by the tumult and strife about it. It would shelter under its hospitable branches many a tired, heartsick traveler, in the years to come, as it was now supportin' me. Through storm and sunshine it would endure, long after I and my sorrows had been forgotten.

Then I thought of the future and my new position in the world—for my self-respect must be sacrificed, indeed had been. I could not cry out against fate, neither could I plead with my husband. He would not, perhaps could not, understand the situation.

"Marthy," said a low voice at my side, while two stout arms raised me to my feet, "I've been a selfish, tyrannical brute!"

While I had longed for this moment, I could not bear to hear him revile himself.

"Don't!" I cried, placin' my hand over his mouth.

"I must," said the dear soul. "What you said about me tryin' to deprive you of your rights of opinion was true, although I never saw it that way before. You shall say what you like, whenever you want to, and I'll listen to it and respect your wishes. Come, dear."

When we came to the house, the new part was all lighted and he gently drew me through the door. To my surprise, everything was as I had planned. A south window, with shelves for flowers; the cupboard between that and the table, while a brand new kitchen stove stood where I had expected to have put the old one.

"I never could have stood it if I hadn't meant to surprise you," Lisher confessed, as he smiled down upon me. "This addition was begun as a sort of thank offerin', Marthy, because you had been spared to me, and it has fulfilled two missions. You haven't thought that I didn't care for you, have you?"

"Not once, dear," I was glad to answer, "and while I should have lost somethin' which you would be sorry to miss in your wife, I should still have loved you. Our experience has been one of sufferin' to us both, dear, but we will be the better for it, and remember it as—"

"An example in addition," he added, with a smile.

SEVEN STARS IN THE SKY.

Queer Superstitions of Savages Regarding the Moon and the Pleiades.

In ancient Egypt the body of Osiris was always sealed up in the ark during the month of November, because the people believed that the seven stars were seven brothers, sailing their ships across the sky and carrying with them the souls of the dead. The people of ancient Gaul also had a superstition, believing that the angels and the souls of great men held a celestial festival on that particular night in November, when both the full moon and the seven stars were on the meridian at the same time. The Hottentots of South Africa and the Abipones of South America each claim that the seven stars are their deceased fathers and grandfathers. Oakes says: "Certain tribes in both Africa and South America hold that the seven stars is (are) their father (fathers) and welcome their return with festivities and much rejoicing. The ancient Mexicans always sacrificed a human being and kindled a sacred fire (made of seven firebrands) on his back when the stars and the moon were on a certain meridian together. The Peruvians also had seven stars ceremonies, but without sacrifice, at about the same time the Mexicans were carrying on their paganistic rites. The ancient Druids believed the seven stars to be boats which carried souls to the judgment seat of the "God of the dead."

Lord Bute and Cardiff.

The enormous wealth of the late marquis of Bute was the inspiration of his father's enterprise. He, the father, had the courage to mortgage deeply the family estates in order to complete the building of large docks at a little town called Cardiff. People were tempted to call the docks Bute's folly. But they became Bute's fortune. They made Cardiff one of the richest and largest ports in the world, and they brought to the Bute family a revenue that princes might envy. Cardiff is grateful, and was proud to have Lord Bute as mayor in 1891—the first of a long line of mayoral peers all over the country.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Complete.

Larry—Phwas it a great military counthrue, Dinny?

Denny—Oi shud say so. Aven th' wells out thor wor drilled.—Chicago Daily News.

PITH AND POINT.

Nothing resembles yesterday as much as to-morrow.—Chicago Daily News.

Lots of folks are always in a hurry, yet never get anywhere.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

When a man turns the light on others he must not expect to stay in the shade himself.—Ram's Horn.

None are more intolerant of sharp words than those who pride themselves on saying sharp things.—N. Y. Herald.

Mr. Bridie—"She looks like an intelligent girl." Mrs. Bridie—"Cert. I got her at an intelligence office."—Harlem Life.

"Just as soon as a man has satisfied his conscience that it's all right to tell a white lie," says the Manayunk Philosopher, "he becomes color blind."—Philadelphia Record.

Briggs—"Old Muddleston is not so bad a fellow as we think he is. He says his heart always goes out at the cry of distress." Griggs—"Yes; but does his memory ever go out with it?"—Boston Transcript.

"My friend," said the well-meaning man, "why do you drink that horrible stuff when you know the stimulant effect is only temporary at best?" "I ain't lookin' fer the stimulant effect," said the hopeless case. "I'm aimin' to git paralyzed."—Typographical Journal.

Judge (to prisoner who has been captured in a raid on a gambling house)—"What is your occupation?" Prisoner—"I am a locksmith, your honor." Judge—"How did you happen to be found in a gambling house, and what were you doing when the police appeared?" Prisoner—"I was making a bolt for the door."—Green Bag.

Query. Elsie—"Mamma, there's a funny old man in this Pickwick book that's always telling his son to beware of the widows. Why is that?" Mamma—"Well, a widow is supposed to be skillful in catching a husband." Elsie—"Gracious! I wonder if I'll have to be a widow before I can get married."—Philadelphia Press.

MISSOURI'S GREATEST MEN.

Ten in the List as Made Up by a Hundred Residents of the State.

In the world's fair exposition in St. Louis in 1903, which will commemorate the purchase of the Louisiana territory by the greatest American, there may profitably and properly be erected a Missouri hall of fame. If in this are placed the portraits of the ten greatest Missourians, whose likenesses would appear? From such a list should, of course, be rigidly excluded living Missourians, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Under the name Missourians should be included persons who were born in the state, persons born elsewhere but who did their greatest work here, and native Missourians who were eminent in other states. For the purpose of reply to this inquiry 100 distinguished Missourians, some of whom would be entitled to a place upon such a list save that the living were excluded, were asked to give opinion. From the replies received a list is made up. The names of the ten who received the largest number of votes are given herewith:

1. Thomas H. Benton.
2. Frank P. Blair.
3. Sterling Price.
4. James B. Eads.
5. James S. Rollins.
6. Eugene Field.
7. Edward Bates.
8. A. W. Doniphan.
9. Richard Parks Bland.
10. Bishop E. M. Marvin.

This list not only gives the names which received the largest number of votes, but gives them in the order in which they received them. Thomas Hart Benton and Francis Preston Blair each got exactly the same number of ballots, securing every vote cast but one. For third, Gen. Sterling Price was selected. There was a tie between Capt. James Buchanan Eads, of St. Louis bridge fame, Eugene Field and Maj. James Sidney Rollins, the eloquent Columbia orator. Edward Bates, President Lincoln's attorney general, was seventh. Col. A. W. Doniphan, leader of the Mexican war expedition, eighth; Richard Parks Bland, the apostle of free silver coinage, ninth; while the tenth place fell to the distinguished bishop, Enoch Mather Marvin. The composite list is fairly representative of the state's most eminent citizens. All the names were on no single list. Seventy-one other names were voted for.

Dog with a Broken Bone.

The long bones of the dog are those which he is most liable to break, or, rather, to have broken for him, as the injuries are usually traceable to direct violence. When the parts of the broken bone are properly brought together, the reparative process is almost always remarkably rapid in the dog, because he seems to understand that he must not interfere with the injured limb, and willingly keeps quiet. John Woodroffe Hill, the noted English veterinary surgeon and a writer of authority on "The Dog: Its Management and Diseases," says of fractures that "the treatment consists in reducing the separated portions to their proper position and maintaining them there, when so reduced, by the application of splints and bandages. Splints may be composed of wood, pasteboard, leather, or gutta percha, the first three of which are retained in position by bandaging, but the last is made soft by hot water and then molded to the limb. To take the place of splints, bandages may be soaked in gum, starch or plaster of paris."—Our Animal Friends.

HELP FOR OUTCASTS.

Grand Work Accomplished by the Chicago Medical Mission.

In Its Charitable Endeavors Physical Health Is Considered Quite as Carefully as Moral and Spiritual Regeneration.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

"FAITH, without works, is dead." This must have been the compelling thought of Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, Mich., which caused him so earnestly to desire to help the unfortunate in Chicago. So fully was the idea of this work formed in his mind that, when two brothers from the Kimberley mining district offered him $48,000 with a question as to how he would use it, his reply was: "We will go down to Chicago and undertake a work for the submerged people of that great city." They have never had cause to regret the investment. The money was used for a sanitarium at 28 Thirty-third place, the earnings of which institution formed a nucleus of a sum with which the mission work was begun in a little basement under No. 40 Custom House place, near Van Buren street. After the old basement was cleaned and whitewashed, some little stalls were made, shower baths and laundry tubs installed and a small room partitioned off in one corner for dressing wounds; for these intensely practical people believed that, in order to efficiently minister to the needs of the soul, the wants of the body must often be first considered. Work was begun one Sunday. Soon 30 and 40 people per day received free treatment in a locality where no provision had heretofore been made for such as they. The frequenters of the neighborhood soon came to know the workers and many touching incidents are told of their appreciation of the most real Christian help and sympathy that had ever been extended to them.

During the first winter relief was given to over 100,000 people. Over 75,000 garments were distributed. A policeman who from curiosity entered this place one day when it was full of crooks, the "most dangerous and wicked men in Chicago," said: "I see you don't need any clubs down there." He further remarked that if all those men were in the street together it would take a dozen policemen to keep them in order.

The work has progressed until now it includes six institutions, all cooperating in a manner which seems truly wonderful to an outsider to whom it is first explained. One of the first to respond to the call for volunteers was the present secretary, who does not wish his name used, as he says none of the workers desire to be personally considered. They have given their lives and the work speaks for itself. It was soon seen that the clothes of those who were cleaned up at the mission were again unfit for contact with man (or beast either, for that matter) after one night spent in the low lodging houses in the district. A mission was started at 436 State street, near Polk, where religious services are held every night, but after the men came out they had no decent place to sleep. So a building was secured at 1311 State street, where clean beds are supplied for ten cents. Each man is obliged to take a bath and have his clothes fumigated. When necessary, fresh clothing is given. Food is supplied at a penny a dish, the cost of the raw material at wholesale. Mission nurses prepare the food. A penny's worth of mush is a large amount. A half loaf of bread costs a penny.

In order that no imposition be practiced, a rug-weaving factory has been added to the establishment, where an absolutely penniless man may work for his board and lodging. Thus none are turned away as long as any room remains for an applicant. Physicians are in attendance, and a man's physical condition is easily determined. If he be ill, he is at once sent to the mission dispensary, 1926 Wabash avenue.

Here is the great headquarters of the work, in a large building, the two upper stories of which are used as a medical school, the two lower as a nurses' training school, with a free dispensary in a wing opening on Twentieth street. Below these are the kitchen, dining-room, laundry and printing offices. In the latter job printing for the various establishments is done and type set for the Life Boat, a 16-page magazine, which, from an issue of less than 500 in 1898, has increased to a circulation of 15,000. In it is only printed such matter as may be comprehended by the most ignorant in the city's slums, and many a simple Gospel story of transformation in the lives of mission visitors is told in its pages. A few pages are devoted to prisons and prisoners. An occasional special prisoners' number is issued. Many pathetic letters come into the hands of the editors from different jails and penitentiaries. The mission finds employment for as many paroled and discharged prisoners as possible, but the number of those who are willing to employ them is limited. At the dispensary are given not only free prescriptions, but baths, massage and electric treatments. In the regular hospital wards charges are made according to the circumstances of the patient. The mission nurses visit the poor and sick all over the city and render them such aid as is possible. Many victims of the morphine habit have been cured here. While, occasionally, members of wealthy families apply for treatment, the greater number of opium patients have spent all their money, either for the drug or some bogus remedy.

The nurses live on the community plan. An allowance, according to the needs of her work, is made to each one. Those who receive pay give it over to the institution and it is applied to the use of those who are nursing destitute patients. Those received as students into the medical mission, whether to prepare themselves as physicians or nurses, are expected to devote themselves to missionary work. No others are received. During the first year work is given them sufficient to pay for their board and tuition. After that time a small allowance is made them for their services. The study of the Bible is a leading feature in the training, for soul and body are to be treated at the same time. In the maternity ward, in the wing of the building, many an unfortunate little one has first seen the light, the mother, in the meantime, beginning life anew and soon joining in the work of aiding others. The mission has also a home-finding department, by means of which orphans and mothers with young children are placed in homes. At 2408 South Park avenue is the Children's Christian home, where little ones under eight years old, rescued from want by mission workers, receive care and training. A day school and kindergarten are maintained. There is a branch of this home at Berlin, Wis., under charge of a corps of workers from the Chicago home. Not only orphaned children are welcomed here, but those with mothers for whom work is found among those who are unable to receive the child also. Often the mother may require hospital treatment, and her cure is hastened by the assurance that her children are in kind hands.

Another branch of the work, the latest, having been started but a little over a year ago, is so great that its demands for self-denial of every description, its almost incomprehensible dangers, render it impossible to describe the self-sacrifice of the grand, noble women who are in charge of the Life Boat Rest, on South Clark street, near Polk, said to be the worst district in Chicago. Here a home, medical treatment and loving care are freely given to any young girl of the neighborhood who desires to accept them. No service is required of them; nothing, in fact, but that they remain indoors unless accompanied by one of the nurses, who do all the work, maintain the home and pay the exorbitant rent by the sale of the Life Boat and contributions from well-wishers. The whole building has been furnished by donations from friends of the work. When asked what was most needed at the present time, the matron replied: "Soap and underclothing." This brave little woman receives no remuneration whatever for her services. An entirely self-supporting, steam-heated, electric-lighted hotel is conducted by the mission workers at 1351 State street, where men may board at low rates.

EDWARD JULIAN.

MAKING RUGS IN THE WORKINGMEN'S HOME.

RESCUE WORKERS IN UNIFORM.